What would your majesty ? How fares
your grace ?
K. HEN. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords ?
CLA. We left the prince my brother here, my
liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. HEN. The prince of Wales ? Where is he ?
let me see him :
He is not here #.
*WAU** This door is open ; he is gone this way.
P. HUMPH. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.
K. HEN. Where is the crown ? who took it from
my pillow ?
WAR. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here.
K. HEN. The prince hath ta'en it hence : — go,
seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death ? -
Find him, my lord of Warwick ; chide him hither.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me, — See, sons, what things you
are !
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object !
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep ^ with thoughts [8], their
brains with care,

* Folio omits *He is not here*, t Folio, *sleeps**

a — with THOUGHTS,] Concerning the education and promo-
tion of their children. So, afterwards:
" For this they have been *thoughtful* to invest
c* Their sons with arts/* &c»
Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read[1] — with *thought* : but
the change does not appear to me necessary. MALONE,